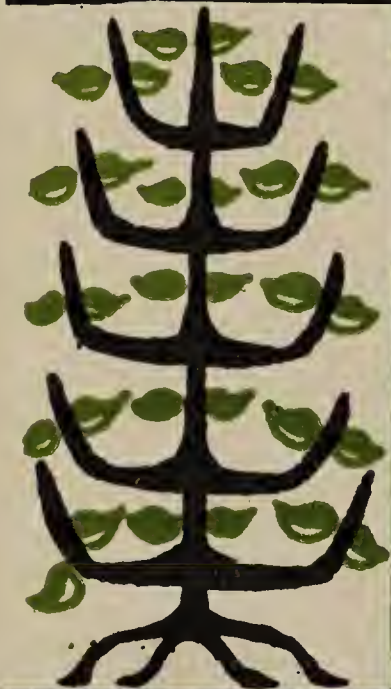




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THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 1.

OCTOBER GHOSTS.

Wraiths of roses are fluttering
 Around the garden place
And other ghosts of spring-time joys
 In every mist I trace.

The river that rolls to the far away
 In its shroud of gleam and gloom
Is only the ghost of a golden dream
 That creeps to a distant tomb.

There floats in the air a spirit voice
 We heard when life was young,
But it sounds to us as the dying wail
 Of a once mellifluous tongue.

That whispered low the world along
 In a wooing undertone
Of life and love and the light above
 And the happy heart alone.

Wraiths of roses are fluttering
 Around the garden place
And hope for the laurel crown of life
 Is in every wrinkled face.

MANXMAN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MOST men that have a just claim to some little celebrity are placed in the temple of fame; surrounded with a halo of light and a cloud of incense; shriven, by common consent, of all that is faulty, imperfect, or short of divine; and are forthwith apotheosized. This is the fad and fashion of our age in which we Americans take a lead, and decidedly so.

In our opinion this accounts in a great measure for the numberless laudatory things that are twaddled about Emerson, for the extravagant praise heaped upon this poor mortal's tomb. The monument, erected by his admirers, is a gigantic structure, composed of choice phrases; such as, "the sage of Concord," "the shrewdest of American essayists," "the most steadily attractive lecturer," "the chiefest master of words and phrases," "the great thought-moulder," "the American Goethe," "the seer of seers," etc.

The leader of the Concord School is not only praised but also extensively quoted. There are few books, written since his time, into which not some one or other of his quaint sayings has found its way. And this fact speaks louder in his favor than all the praise of his admirers can do; for, as Lessing says: "Wir wollen weniger erhoben und fleissiger gelesen sein."

Let not the reader think that we are biassed against Emerson. We do not at all begrudge him

his due share of praise and even admiration. Still, most of his readers upon a cool and passionless consideration will admit that there has been much exaggeration about his abilities and his genius. However, it cannot be denied that he owns a very conspicuous place among American men of letters. Emerson is known to every student as an essayist, a poet, a lecturer, and a philosopher; and in each field he has obtained a high degree of celebrity, or, at least of notoriety.

Concerning Emerson, the lecturer, his contemporaries and listeners tell us that he always drew a numerous audience, always kept his hearers spell-bound to the last, had control over their smiles and tears, and commanded a persuasive power as but few other public speakers. Indeed, some of his lectures contain passages of affecting pathos and stirring passion. The subjects foremost in his mind were self-reliance, culture, high ideals, manliness, independence. No wonder, then, that he exerted a very great influence over his youthful, and therefore pliable listeners, the youth of America. Thus he largely contributed to shape American thought; he was an intellectual emancipator.

But whether this emancipation was in the right direction is quite another question. Here his philosophy and theology must be taken into consideration. To Emerson, the philosopher, the world owes very little. He is not a profound thinker. His thoughts are very often obscure, to the reader simply unintelligible, and the Lord knows whether they were ever any clearer to the

author's own intellect. Without a thorough understanding of his mode of reasoning (if it may be pardoned so to call his ipsedixitism), no one need attempt to analyze his writings. One must first take cognizance of the view-point, from which the author deigns to survey the universe.

Emerson is an extreme idealist, a pantheist of the broadest type, and hence practically an atheist. There is but one substance in the universe, the all-pervading human soul. "The human soul circumscribeth all things." Nature, god, I, man, are its synonyms. God is impersonal, nature is god, I am god, man is god. "There is one mind common to all individual men." Outside of this universal, all-pervading, living essence, nothing is. This is Emersonian philosophy. It appears on almost every page of his writings, his every thought is imbued with it. But it is perhaps most clearly seen and studied in the essays on Nature, Compensation, and the Over-soul. Of course, every reasoning mind sees the absurdity of such a system. Still, Emerson, the philosopher, has a host of admirers and imitators. He is the leader of American transcendentalists. However, he can scarcely be called the founder of a separate school of philosophy. Though we hear of a Concord School and a Brook Farm Community, the faulty, ethereal, icarian system of these idealists cannot maintain itself.

Being acquainted with Emerson's philosophy it is easy to infer his religious views and his code of morality. "The religions of the world are the ejaculations of a few imaginative men." "We can

never see Christianity from the catechism.” “The reliance on authority measures the decline of religion, the withdrawal of the soul.” “Man is a stream whose source is hidden.” “The immortality of the soul is too good to be believed.” “Prayer is a disease of the will, as creeds are of the intellect,” etc. Do what you like, for that is the only right thing. Your own constitution is your only law-giver. This is the Emersonian catechism.

The Emersonian system of philosophy and religion is enticing and deceiving like the belladonna. It is too ethereal to be real and true. It is all poetry. The sage of Concord is poet, in whatever field of action we meet him. His prose writings are a curious collection, as it were, of imaginative poesy. His verse also is poetry, and sometimes gives unmistakable indications of the divine afflatus. It often reminds one of a deep, noble soul, clothed with a maimed or crippled body, of a royal prince walking on crutches, or “*claudus altero pede*.” The sentiment for the most part is noble, but the verse often limps, the diction is frequently much inferior to that used in his prose, the imperfect rhymes seem to be the rule and the perfect ones the exception. These assertions, however, do not hold good for every one of the poet’s productions. His much admired Threnody, for example,—that consoling elegy, melodious and full of passion,—reveals the adroit linguistic architect no less than the true poet.

The most familiar of Emerson’s writings seem to be his so-called Essays. In this field of compo-

sition our author is very unique. Many would make him a follower and imitator of Carlyle. There certainly exists some similarity between the two but by no means enough to justify the above assertion. Carlyle is considered the most original writer in our language; Emerson also is original. Carlyle's style is abrupt and incoherent; so is Emerson's. Carlyle pours his flashing thoughts over his pages like molten lead from the furnace; his readers are carried along in the fury of his diction. Emerson is a philosopher of cooler blood. His dictums are soaring, ethereal, idealistic assertions which may move the soul and elevate it until enwrapped in the mist of his obscure philosophy; but they have no power to keep the soul on its wings.

Somewhat of a similarity is also detected between Emerson and Lord Bacon. There are several subjects on which both have given us their views, and a comparison of their respective treatment might not be uninteresting. The style of both is sententious and not unfrequently aphoristic. Their writings are store-houses of thought and inspiration; they are highly suggestive. But while Bacon presents to us the very pith and marrow of his theme, highly condensed and neatly arranged, Emerson is discursive; he rambles to and fro over the whole field, plucks the choicest fruits, culls the nicest flowers wherever found, and if he can reach over the fence to pick some, though of a very different kind, in the adjoining orchard or meadow he cannot withstand the temptation, but grasps them and throws every thing before you, caring not a pin for arrangement, sequence, or consis-

tency; or, as Lowell in his own peculiar bantering way aptly expresses it: His writings are "mines of rich matter, but thrown in a heap with a crush and a clatter."

Emerson's style is very clear, homely, rich. If we meet numberless obscurities, the fault lies with his philosophy. The style, as far as perspicuity is concerned, is faultless. But it becomes tedious by too much of epigram, contrasts and antitheses. He is a writer of sentences, not of paragraphs. Each sentence stands for itself, independent of the one preceding, without relation to the one following. His writings may be called a cyclopaedia without alphabetical—or in fact any—arrangement, rather than essays proper. They yield information, and often very valuable information at that, on almost any subject, but it is hard telling under what heading to search for it.

The pages of Emerson teem with assertions extravagantly false, and often directly contradictory. Of consistency he knows nothing; nay, he despises it. Here are his own words: "If you would be a man speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in words as hard again, though it contradict everything you said today." And so he does: "Speech is better than silence; silence is better than speech." "Things are and are not." "Society makes no progress." "There is progress in society." "I am god; I am a weed by the wall."

It were well if Emerson had considered a saying he quotes from Swedenborg: "It is no proof

of a man's understanding to be able to affirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence." Emerson either did not possess this discerning faculty, or, at least, neglected to make use of it.

If after a careful perusal of Emerson's works, we cast a retrospective glance over them, they must appear to us like a spacious field densely overgrown with fruits, herbs, and weeds, of the greatest possible variety. They seem fair and inviting, all without exception; however, in their selection we must use the utmost caution. We find among them, it is true, a great quantity of sound and healthy food for the intellect; still, almost the greater part, we are forced to confess, is little more than sweet poison, because bred in the noxious atmosphere of his transcendental philosophy. For youth especially, it is dangerous to sit down at that table to partake indiscriminately of all the courses served at the Emersonian intellectual banquet. The student need not, however, on this account abstain from the study of Emerson's works. On the contrary, let him delve into these "mines of rich matter," sound his mysterious philosophy; and by a judicious rejection of the noxious ingredients and the choice of the truly good and beautiful which remains, he will feel amply rewarded for his search. Rejecting the base, deceiving metal, Emerson's works still offer a rich and quaint collection of gems of rare value and beauty.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMAN, '98.

CARMEN AMOEBAEUM.

HORATIUS.

Before our hearts were strangers grown
Uncharmed of other faces
I lived most happy then, I own,
In Lydia's good graces.

LYDIA.

Until you wooed another girl
And tossed your Lydia over
I held Calais a rustic churl
And thought myself in clover.

HORATIUS.

O Chloe of Thrace now rules my heart,
All music owns her charm.
For her from life I'd glad depart
If she be free from harm.

LYDIA.

The soul of fair Calais and mine
Now burn with mutual love.
If here below he still could shine
I'd freely dwell above.

HORATIUS,

And if my passion old again
Should clamor at thy door
Would it, dear Lydia, open then
So freely as of yore.

LYDIA.

More beautiful than any star
By beauty fickle made
You once again in favor are,
Calais—is in the shade.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99

HALF A DAY.

It was a beautiful autumn day, this last of September. The heat was still intense, though in the lengthening shadows of St. Augustine's it was quite too cool to be comfortable. The cattle in the distant meadow were motionless and seemed perfectly content in the glad sunshine about them. Swarms of gnats avoiding the shade kept up a continual hum as they wheeled in the mellow sunlight. Save this there was an almost perfect quiet broken now and then by the whisper of the south wind, bidding the leaves "Good-By." Occasionally too, the thud of a walnut as it fell to the earth would frighten a chipmunk into his nest. All was so quiet that even the gossamer scarcely floated.

It was half-holiday at St. Augustine's, more than that it was mail-day. The students lay in groups beneath the giant elms, some nodding over local papers, others smiling over pleasant missives from dear ones far away, none were talkative.

Apart from the others sat Theodore Edwards. To judge from the expression he wore, all was not lovely with him. A frown had settled upon his boyish brow. The corners of his mouth were just a little pursed and now and then his lips twitched. A huge tear had been prevented from falling by Theodore's shoving his fist into his eye with no little danger to that organ.

Had not Theodore of all boys reason to feel peevish? Had he not written home last week ex-

pecting an answer today? Certainly he had. Every one received a letter from home today but he. Of course he knew the rest really pitied him. Still they need not worry about him. Let every one mind his own affairs, he would mind his. But this is not all; 'tis but half. This morning Father Ambrose had scolded him in the class room. Yet Theodore knew that he had studied that lesson two solid hours. Every one knew it but Father Ambrose who did not want to know it. Theodore had succeeded in making himself thoroughly miserable. Of course the folks at home were glad he was gone; nobody would soil the carpet now with dirty shoes, nor disturb their peace with snatches of "A Hot Time," nor—

"Hello, Teddy! What's the matter? Hurry up if you are going!"

It was Paul Fair who had asked the question. Both Theodore and Paul had come from Woodstock where they had always been companions. It was their first month at St. Augustine's and naturally they "hung together." That noon they resolved to pay their respects to "old Mack's." By "old Mack's" they meant old Farmer McCormack's orchard not the venerable tiller of soil. Paul repeated his question to which Theodore only answered "O Paul! It's too warm."

"Hm! Always too warm," muttered Paul.

"Well, come on then!" And Theodore arose with an effort and brushed off the dead grass that was clinging to his clothes.

Mechanically and without a word they walked away. Nor was the silence broken till at last old

McCormack's home loomed in full view as they turned with the pike. There was the orchard too; the limbs of the apple trees were bending low under the weight of the waxen fruit which shining in the sunlight hung in such numbers as almost to hide from view the leaves grey with dust.

Both boys stopped simultaneously as if each had read the other's thoughts. Paul spoke first. —“How much have you Teddy?”—“How much have I? Hm! Didn't I lend you my last quarter yesterday for caramels? How much have you, Mr. Fair?”

“Always teasing! Would I have asked you for that quarter if I had money myself? Why, Ted!”

“Well, it's little use talking. What's to be done?”

“Teddy, it's a clear case of do without or ‘swipe.’ Which will it be?”

“Come on,” said Teddy impatiently, “but from my heart I dislike the business.”

“The back way, Teddy, the back way.”

“The thieves' way, Paul, the thieves' way.”

“Thieves' way, then, if you must.”

They were already in the orchard. Paul had shaken an over-hanging limb causing the apples to make sweet music as they fell like rain to the earth. Both were chuckling forgetful of all dangers, loading first pockets, then coat-linings till each looked like a balloon. They were just making their exit through the barb wire fence when suddenly an unearthly earsplitting yell rent the air, and looking around they saw not ten feet

behind a white-headed, sallow-faced, dirty, bare-foot swain of some twenty years. For fully five minutes he stood there gesticulating and vociferating till his face was of a crimson hue.

The whole scene was so sudden that for some moments the living picture remained unchanged.

Paul was first to recover. "Say, boy, don't yell so, you will surely wake the baby!" The "boy" was preparing to emit another of his demoniacal yells. In anticipation both boys had taken to their heels with their faces toward the college and at every step the apples were falling from pockets and linings.

An unexpected turn now took place. Both Paul and Theodore were soon aware of their being pursued. From time to time they heard such unwelcome sounds as, "Sick 'em, Towser." "We'll catch those long-haired monkeys." They heard footsteps too, and glancing back they saw McCormack's bigbull-dog whom the college boys had cognominated "The Terrible."

"Oh." groaned Paul, "if we could only get to those trees."

The trees referred to were two hickories right in the centre of the road and seemed as if planted for this particular emergency. They did reach these trees and with a bound were off the ground just as "The Terrible" was about to spring upon poor Teddy. About ten seconds later Mac's boy trotted up and stood looking at the boys with arms akimbo.

"Good! Towser. We've treed 'em."

"Say," bawled out Paul, "our studies begin

at five, and now that you've "treed" us and had your fun can't you leave us go?"

"Don't be in a hurry, Daisy," replied McCormack's heir-apparent, "what'll y'gimme if I let y'down?"

"Give you! You impudent rascal!"

"Take care there! Be quick! What'll y'gimme?"

"Well," said Paul, "I'll tell you." "I have nothing to give you but this," and he took from his pocket a handsome pocket knife.

"Toss it down."

Paul did as told.

"Golly!" soliloquized the swain, "Won't old "Brant" Collins turn green!" To Paul, "Come down if you care to." "Whoa there," bellowed he to Theodore as the latter also began to descend, "I didn't mean you. What'll y'gimme?"

"Well," replied Theodore, "here is a silk handkerchief which my sister gave—"

"Let's have it!"

With rueful face and reluctant fingers poor Theodore let fall the bit of silk which spread out and floated so gently on the breeze that it seemed no less unwilling to exchange owners than Theodore had been to part with it.

Mack's boy eagerly snatched it and turning to "The Terrible" said, "Come, Towser."

With disgust stamped on their faces our heroes walked briskly to the college, where they arrived just five minutes late. Before entering they held a brief consultation. They looked like French Revolutionists, these unlucky two, hands scratched

hair dishevelled, coats rent and dusty. After a moment Theodore said, "Paul, I tell you, let's go in and tell Father Ambrose all. We can't go into the study-hall this way."

"Allright, Teddy, you be spokesman."

Five minutes later they stood before Father Ambrose having "made clean breasts of it."

"Boys," said the stern but kind prefect, "I am sorry you did this and can only hope it will never happen again. As for the Roll of Honor, you shall have your name there too, if you promise never to do the like again." They answered, "We promise it."

"Very well, and now, boys, I have good news for you. Theodore, you may go to the express office to-morrow where I understand there is a large box for you. There is also a letter for you in your desk. It was mislaid before the distribution. Let me see, I believe I have a letter from your papa, Paul, I shall read it immediately. Why this is good fortune, indeed! He says you may play foot-ball if you are careful. He also sends you five dollars for your pleasure."

Paul smiled out loud while Theodore emitted a low gurgle content.

* * * * *

That night Theodore's Guardian Angel recorded a prayer like to this: "Sweet Heart of Jesus, I am sorry for having pained you today. Please, bless papa and mamma and the rest. Make them happy always. Please, bless Father Ambrose too, for I know I deserved that scolding."

Paul only said the three "Hail Marys" as he lay in his bed and soon fell to sleep. He dreamed of a foot-ball game in which his team won because of a touch down he had made.

Whether Paul and Theodore became great men or wise men I know not; but I hope they became good men, owing partly to the misfortunes of Half a Day.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.



OCTOBER ROSES.

Once more fair summer has passed away,
And autumn both sombre and mellow
Asserts his sway
Of the shortening day
And changes all verdure to yellow,
To reddish and brown and a tincture of gold
Till all falls a prey to the winter's cold.

The fields lie barren, the herbage is dead,
And dead are the gardens and meadows,
The flowers are dead,
For their lives have sped
Away to the regions of shadows.
Bereft of the splendor of summer and spring,
What gifts can our earth in October bring?

But gifts are needed, most rich and rare,
Befitting the highest of mortals,
A worthy share,
For the Virgin fair
Who opened the heavenly portals.
For hers is the month of October for aye,
Her own,—like the beautiful month of May.

Must all then wither, can nothing last
Of verdure and splendor and beauty?
It passes fast
Like the autumn blast
To pay to destruction its duty.
But 'mid this decay and destruction of all
There's one little garden which thrives in fall.

Which thrives in fall and throughout the year
And grows the most fragrant of flowers:
This garden dear

May it roses rear
Like roses from Eden's fair bowers.
These spots where the rose in October still blows
Are hearts where the love of the Virgin glows.

Thy love, O Mary, brings warmth and light
And cheer to this garden forever;
And roses bright,
Both the red and white,
Are blooming,—but withering never.
The red we will offer thy motherly love,
The white to thy purity, spotless dove.

Accept, O Virgin, the wreath we twine
Of prayers full of tender emotion;
Before thy shrine
We will oft recline
With love and a childlike devotion.
The roses we offer are fragrant and fair,
They grew in Jerusalem's sainted air.

The wreath is twined from the roses sweet
That blossomed in regions untainted,
Where'er we meet
With a spot thy feet
Or those of thy Jesus have sainted:
From Calvary, Nazareth, Bethlehem's plains
These roses are gathered to deck thy fanes.

Thyself hast given that wreath of yore
—A charm against falsehood and error—
To him who bore
On the Biscayan shore
True peace to the bringers of terror.
This wreath of sweet roses, a magical spell,
Has conquered the virulent forces of hell.

This rosy wreath proved a barrier strong
Whene'er a barbarian nation,
A host of wrong

In a dreadful throng
Advanced amid dire devastation:
The Turk at Belgrade and Lepanto but failed
Since chained by the wreath which the Christian hailed.

This same sweet wreath shall for aye unite
Us all to our heavenly mother
And through our fight
In this earthly night
Direct us to Jesus, our brother.
This rosary wreath is the weapon we show
When vexed or attacked by the hellish foe.

This wreath of roses, O Mother dear,
I'll offer thee living and dying;
When death and fear
Of the fiend appear
I'll offer it still to thee, sighing:
O Queen of the rosary, show thyself mild,
Accept my poor gift and embrace thy child.

D. A. B., '98.




THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

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EDITORIALS.

“Bestow this space on us a little.” Hamlet.

The new staff bows itself in with the modest request that you “bestow this space on us a little”—for a year at least,—and be not overharsh with its efforts. Beside the work of men gone before we fear our work will show but “indifferent well.”

Yet when the year is over we hope our loyal good will will have fathered ten volumes of which the college need not be altogether ashamed.

To Very Reverend Boniface Russ, elected Provincial of the order at its general convention, August last, THE COLLEGIAN in behalf of the student body, extends greeting.

THE TEACHING STAFF.

Numerous additions have been made in the teaching staff for '98 and '99. Fathers Philip Hartman and Charles Notheis are the new members of the Faculty. At the head of the musical department is that rare musician, Prof. Carl Hemmersbach, newly returned from his studies under Anton Door, the Vienna master. Those pursuing the French course may felicitate themselves over their good fortune in securing as tutor Mr. James Clemens who has sojourned for the past eight years in France, qualifying himself for a professorship in the French language.

ABOUT READING.

What a consoling book is Miss Repplier's "In The Dozy Hours," and how thrilling it is to find that not all the authorities have entered into a conspiracy against reading books for pure pleasure's sake. In these days of learning no author is complete unless he have a mission. Without it he is more ludicrous than a dog without a narrative. So say the savants, and the reading public faces the mission from a sense of duty, as the soldier marches up to the cannon's mouth. Not so Miss Repplier; she, stout heart, throws off the

shackles and boldly returns to the days of cakes and ale and jolly old Falstaff's noble ocean of sack. Who has once received the heartening doctrine, couched in all Miss Repplier's beauteous diction, will say a silent Ave for his benefactress, when seated in his favorite arm chair with a book that finds favor with the drowsy eyed goddess. Then it is that noble examples and the sweetness of large souls drip into the heart as softly as the silver sounding rain upon the April mold.

CONCERNING AMERICAN RETICENCE.

“And soar the eagle, 'tel it 'pears to me She 'aint no bigger 'n a bumble bee.”

When Mr. Riley wrote these words he probably had no idea what number of Americans there are, who by their redundant foolishness place themselves in a class of persons described by the above couplet.

When the roses were blushing their deepest Professor Peck tried to demonstrate that the Americans as a unit are really a reticent people, and backed his assertion by some reasons, very excellent from a purely hypothetical standpoint. Meanwhile a new play running in Chicago—“Remember the Maine”—is giving counter answer to the Professor more eloquently than could oceans of ink. Despite its many and great incongruities, this weirdly crazy creation is played to crowded houses that yell themselves black in the face at its pandering to national vanity.

The frank man looking matters square in the face must see that we still have a few things to learn, among them, self-control. An overflow of

animal spirits is natural to youth and we as a nation are still young,—an acorn thrown into the ground on our birthday will not yet have grown into a respectable oak. Time and teaching are necessary to round out our national character. The Professor and certain other “teachers of the people” could profitably take to heart Lowell’s teaching that praise of our race rightly looked into is after all but self-praise.

THE LESSER CHARITIES.

“Tous les genres sont permis, a part le genre ennuyeux,” “human nature can stand anything but a bore,” quotes a famous author in an essay on “Ennui.” The bore is a survival of the fittest from the ten plagues, a ubiquitous personage whom providence sustains solely as a memorial of human littleness. In colleges the bore flourishes in virgin vigor, chiefly because conditions here obtain that are most favorable to his breeding. Want of humility is the prolific father of bores: “He thinketh he is something whereas he is nothing, and herein deceiveth himself.” His opinion of anything and everything is precommitted,—very well after its manner but, of slender merit compared with what he says and does. Any amount of cheerfulness fails to penetrate his apprehensive capacity. The humble and mighty of the earth are as one before him. Even bores, however, are amenable to reforming influences. Chief among these is the robust good sense of most boys, which practically illustrates the desperate folly of the bore’s code. Kindness too is frequently effective where all else fails. Indeed,

the "lesser charities of life," according to the delicious phrasery of DeQuincey, are the real preachers and true philosophers of this vale of tears. Agnes Repplier herself a devout devotee of the lesser charities gives point to the above observation by contrasting the lives of Lamb and Johnson. Lamb never plumed himself on his moral quality, yet has his practice of the lesser charities, his love for a laugh and a game of whist, his generous attentions to his sister, and a troop of other charities reared him a kingdom of affectionate subjects in the literary world, which now remembers Johnson only as a great moralist, the thunderer against vices, and the man who managed to make himself generally disagreeable. The lesser charities it is that make life worth the living, and it is surely they that make our college life a glorious thing, a thing to be recalled with complacency when the rime of years is sprinkled over our heads. Only the snob and the confirmed bore,—les genres ennuyeux—can hold that their true dignity and camaraderie are not cognate qualities. No sensible boy can think so: Ensign Bagley surely did not when, with his heart's blood out-flowing for his country's flag, he said: "I thank you, Reagan," to a sailor of that name in token of a slight service.

EXCHANGES.

The Commencement Number of the GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL is replete with good reading matter. Its essays are to the point and its stories excel those of any college paper that comes to our sanctum. Perhaps the most entertaining of the Journal's stories is Mr. Waggaman's "The Twentieth Century Man." The characters are well drawn, especially that of honest "Dig," who elicited our sympathies from the start. To our minds the one objection to the story is the rapidity with which the plot unfolds in the closing chapter. "Morning in the Walks" is a delightful bit of verse in the same paper. Those must be charming walks that prove such source of inspiration.

Always a welcome visitor is the HOLY CROSS PURPLE. Every number is a dainty literary repast. The July number is no exception. Here we have solid food for thoughts and spicy bits to sharpen the most fastidious appetite. One article in particular attracted our attention, we mean the paper on "Materialism and its Tendencies." The question, one of vital importance, is well handled by the author. The view taken by him is neither that of a pessimist, nor yet of an optimist, but a fair and candid statement concerning the danger threatening our own land in our own time. Materialism breeds utilitarianism which values naught save that which can be bartered for gold. The

same number contains a pretty poem, "The Song of June" by Mr. Craigie whose verses have pleased us many a time ere this.

In our opinion the journals that more than any others are ideals of college journalism are THE TAMARACK and THE ABBEY STUDENT. Not that their essays are most learned or their stories most interesting, but that they are representative in every way of the institutions from which they hail. To cite an instance, we found neat compositions in The Tamarack by students appending to their names 1903 and 1904.

"Savonarola and Alexander" is the subject of an excellent paper in the July Abbey Student. Deep research and careful marshaling of arguments are in evidence throughout. Mr. Bebber maintains, and logically so, that Savonarola was by no means a forerunner of Protestantism. Nor was he persecuted for preaching doctrines contrary to Catholic belief, but because of his repeated attacks upon the then reigning pontiff Alexander. The vicar of San Marco was undoubtedly a great man, but unfortunately there is a fault more or less peculiar to great minds and which Savonarola did not lack,—pride. For the pride that he refused to curb, he was made to suffer.

The Midsummer Number of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is a credit to those by whom it is gotten up. Artistic in its make-up, this number must be doubly interesting to the student of Notre Dame.

During these soul-stirring times of national rejoicings, it is well that we see the pages of our

papers and periodicals adorned with pictures of Dewey, Hobson, Shafter, Schley, and a host of other heroes. It is a still better sign to see that our college papers have taken up the theme and devote page upon page to patriotic verse and prose. But when we read articles penned by Catholic students in which not a word appears but to malign an enemy worthy of our steel we are prone to lose patience. Two essays relative to the late war appear in the Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian. Like our own Irving, the authors care more for style than truth, unlike him they lack both. It would require more space than is allowed us to refute the errors of these youthful jingoes. Would that their modesty were suited to their ignorance.



MAGAZINES.

The place of honor in the Midsummer Catholic World is given up to "Personal Recollections of Two Cardinals," Wiseman and Newman. This magazine sketch is the kind that would have sent Carlyle into raptures. Carlyle was put entirely out of humor by biography of any kind save that which noted the peculiarities, the habits, the likes and dislikes, of its subject. In a sprightly, spontaneous article, teeming with anecdotes of the Cardinal's life, Ex-Anglican sets before us the mellow character of the learned, the saintly, the misunderstood Wiseman. These specially felicitous lines sum up, in a way, his whole personality: "He declared on his death-bed that he felt like a school-boy going home for his holidays." Who could wish for a happier death?

Mary F. Nixon contributes to the same number what should prove to be the standard life of St. Catharine of Alexandria,—the ideal of Catholic womanhood. The life of this daughter of a hundred kings is most beautifully written. The style much resembles that of Eliza Allen Starr in her "Patron Saints." The beautiful life of this maid reads like a fairy-tale. Born to affluence, versed in all the lore of the ancients,

"dulces docta modos, citharae sciens,"
she turned firmly away from the advances of the most powerful kings to embrace what seemed ignominy, but what to the divinely illumined eyes

of the saint was perfect happiness. It is a pious belief that St. Catharine was married to the Savior in a dream, and waking found on her finger as a token a ring of marvelous workmanship.

“It might be well for the ‘New Woman,’ who is striving for the education and greater prominence of her sex, to read the life of St. Catharine. To this day she is known as the patroness of schools, colleges, learning, elocution, philosophy, scientists. She occupied a public place, ‘the observed of all observers;’ she commanded the highest worldly position, riches and honor; yet withal she was the most lovely of women—pure, gentle, sweet, womanly to the core. Perhaps the explanation of this perfection lies in the fact that she had before her the highest of motives, the most flawless of models: the desire to be pleasing to our Lord and to be like His Mother.” Then follows a revelation of the “Catholic Life of Chicago”, which is not very remarkable. The good words spoken by S. T. Swift for the work being done at St. Joseph’s Home for the Blind are richly merited. According to the writer the Catholic Blind were in a bad way previous to 1895. They had either to change their faith or forego the boundless pleasures opened up to them by the development of the remaining faculties, for the denominations had captured the state institutions body and boots. This article calls attention to a crying evil, which can be adequately remedied when this country throws off the hypocrite and becomes what it would seem to be.

Benzigers have again made a bid for juvenile patronage. "Our Boys' and Girls' Own" is their latest venture. All the American Catholic celebrities are jostling one another for space in its columns. One critic has remarked that a "week is a long time to a boy or girl"; if the publishers are wise the remark will not go unheeded.

It should be not only the wish but the earnest endeavor of every thinking American Catholic to promote both morally and substantially the interests of our worthy Catholic publications. Foremost among these are THE AVE MARIA and THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

In the current number of the AVE MARIA appears the first installment of "The Cushing Temperament," the conclusion of which promises to be unusually interesting. "Consistency and Common Sense" is a paper in which lies a strong lesson. "Notes and Remarks" by the editor never fail to prove interesting. "With Authors and Publishers" keeps one in touch with sound literature of the day.

In the October MESSENGER there is no lack of intellectual pabulum. "Gethsemani Abbey" is well written. Whoever is neglecting to read "A Year in the Mountains" is missing a rare treat. The account is spicy and crisp throughout; the author lacks neither a rich drollery nor good humor. "Scenes in London" has caused us to revise several too previous opinions concerning the English metropolis.

NEW BOOKS.

NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES by Monsignor Conaty, D.D., Benziger Brothers. Price 60 Cents.

The object of the studies is certainly a noble one,—to encourage our youth to a greater love of the Word of God and make the study of it both more familiar and pleasant. The system employed is catechetical. We are sorry that it is such, for invariably it tends to create the impression that the subject matter is dry. Still the Bible Talks scattered throughout will prove interesting and instructive and the numerous illustrations will make the book an attractive one.

Concerning the errors which have slipped into the work we have little to say since older heads have already dwelt upon them. There is one assertion open to severe criticism; viz., “*Most probably* the apostles and disciples whose names are attached to their writings.” The above is an answer to the question, “Who were the authors of the New Testament?” The Right Reverend author should either have omitted the first two words or at least have explained himself. The answer is, to say the least, ambiguous. Moreover, it is logically incorrect, for the author insinuates that it is doubtful whether the apostles and disciples wrote the New Testament and in the same breath declares that their “names are attached to their writings.” What writings?

POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON PRAYER by the Very Reverend Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. Benziger Brothers, publishers. Price, 35 cents.

The above is a neat pocket manual which every Catholic might peruse with profit. The necessity of prayer is largely dwelt upon. There are also several chapters on Mental Prayer which alone make the book worth the small price. The author dedicates his little work to St. Alphonsus from "whose works it is chiefly compiled." The book is very neatly gotten up.

THE FOUR GOSPELS. Benziger Bros. Net 10 cents. Postage 2 cents extra.

By perverting Bible texts, or, at least, the meaning of them to suit their own iniquitous ends, many non-Catholics of our day manage to get the better of their Catholic friends, who, as a rule, do not think the study of the Holy Scriptures of such paramount importance as they ought to. The insinuation that our Catholic youth is not so well acquainted with the Holy Scriptures as its non-Catholic brethren should be proven false,—not by words but facts. Though we, unlike the sectarians, do not consider the Bible our sole rule of faith, we should be able to defeat our aggressors by turning their own weapon against them. The Four Gospels, to say the least, should be familiar to every Catholic. The above mentioned little book is very convenient as a pocket manual; it is flexible and very small. The type, though small, is neat. Its intrinsic value is enhanced by fitting annotations and copious references. The price is such that the very poorest may procure it.

PERSONALS.

EPISCOPAL VISIT.

On Thursday, Sept. 15, the College was favored by a visit from the Right Rev. Bishop of Ft. Wayne. He remained until the following afternoon when he left on the south bound train towards Delphi.

Other clergymen that visited the college since studies opened were:

Very Rev. Boniface Russ, Prov., C. PP. S.; Rev. Louis Hefele, C. PP. S., Ft. Recovery, O.; Rev. John Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. Chas. Ganser, Kentland, Ind.; Rev. J. Baker, Alexandria, Ind.; Rev. Charles Romer, Delphi, Ind.; Rev. F. Koenig, Lowell, Ind.; Rev. J. Bleckmann, Michigan City, Ind.

Mrs. Keilman and son of St. John, Ind. paid a visit to her two sons, Joseph and Nicholas.

Mr. Keilman of Dyer, Ind. visited his son William.

Mrs. Junk and daughter of Chicago visited her son Aloysius on October 2nd.

Prof. C. Hemmersbach and his brother Joseph lately had the pleasure of a visit from their aged father, who is about to return to his home near the romantic Rhine, after he visited his five sons who are all displaying their eminent musical talents at different institutions in this country.

On August, 26, the election of officers for the community of the Most Precious Blood was held

at Carthagena, O., with the following result:

Very Rev. Boniface Russ, Provincial; Rev. Andrew Gietl, Procurator; Rev. Theopistus Wittmer, Secretary; Very Rev. H. Drees, ex-Provincial, and Rev. Francis Nigsch, Consultors. All hold their office for a term of three years.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following articles by the Rev. Father Vollmayer of Custar, O.:

1. A wooden Rosary that had been placed on the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem;
2. A Medal procured at the Holy House at Loretto;
3. A Medal blessed by the Holy Father;
4. A Vial of Water dipped from the fountain out of which was taken the water our Lord blessed at the Nuptials of Cana;
5. A Vial of water from the Dead Sea and also a pebble picked up on the shore of the Dead Sea;
6. A small fragment broken out of a Mosaic floor at Pompeii.

These valuable articles will be placed in the Columbian Museum. The Rev. Father has our sincere thanks for his kind remembrance of us during his travels. He, with a friend of his, Rev. G. F. Rieken of Perrysburg, Ohio, traveled extensively through Europe and several countries of the Orient.

SOCIETIES.

C. L. S. The Columbian Literary Society held a meeting on Sunday, Sept. 18. The meeting would have been called earlier, but the society waited for the appointment of a new moderator; at the meeting of the Rev. Faculty Rev. Father Benedict was chosen to fill that office. As will be remembered by former students, the same Rev. Father was the charter Moderator. The result of the election of officers is as follows: President, Mr. F. Seroczynski; Vice-President, Mr. H. Fehrenbach; Secretary, Mr. F. Kuenle; Treasurer, Mr. W. Arnold; Critic, Mr. T. Travers; Editor, Mr. C. Uphaus; Marshal, Mr. C. Peters; Executive Committee, Messrs. Wm. Hordeman, I. Rapp, and D. Brackman. It has been apparent during the last few years that no one seemed willing to accept the office of editor, on the plea that it was too much work for one member; in consequence, two assistant editors have been, and will be in future appointed: the two appointed are Mr. J. Mutch of St. Aquino Hall and Mr. C. Mohr of St. Xavier Hall. If the society continues to conduct its affairs with the good will and energy which were shown at the first meeting, its ultimate success is already assured and it is safe to predict that it will reach a height of excellence never before attained. The following is the program for Columbus evening:

Inaugural Address, F. Seroczynski. Humorous Recitation, H. Fehrenbach. Debate, Affirmative,

I. Rapp and W. Hordeman. Negative, V. Muinch, and T. Travers. Recitation, J. Mutch. "The Columbian" Editor. Program for All Saints day: Debate, Affirmative, E. Ley and F. Ersing, Negative, F. Kuenle and E. Deininger.

At a recent meeting the Columbians resolved to hold one class a week in Parliamentary Law, the teachers to be chosen from the society members. The following five have been elected: Messrs. T. Travers, W. Hordeman, V. Muinch, D. Brackman and I. Rapp.


A. D. S. The first to appear in an organized body were the Aloysians. Sunday, Sept. 11, the old members convened by order of the president and elected for the ensuing term the following officers: President, Mr. J. Wessel; Vice-President, Mr. F. Theobald; Secretary, Mr. O. Holtschneider; Treasurer, Mr. Otto Bremerkamp; Editor, Mr. G. Diefenbach; Executive Committee, Messrs. H. Horstman, F. Garity, J. Keilman; Marshal, Mr. L. Dabbelt; Librarian, Mr. Anselm Bremerkamp. This Society was organized February 1896 under the direction of Ambrose Seimetz, '95. Through the untiring efforts of the present Moderator, Rev. Father Bonaventure, and the active interest and faithful cooperation of its members, the society has achieved its present success. That the society is determined to uphold its former reputation, and make certain its future success, is apparent from the result of the election by entrusting the reins of government to the hands of willing and competent members.

MARIAN SODALITY. The first meeting took place in the college chapel, Sunday, Oct. 2. The newly chosen Spiritual Director Rev. Father Bonaventure, having introduced himself, spoke briefly about the duties and benefits of this society. Following this was the election of officers; the following were chosen: Prefect, Mr. T. Travers; 1st Assistant Prefect, Mr. F. Kuenle; 2nd Assistant Prefect, Mr. D. Brackman, Secretary and Consultors have not yet been chosen.

THE SACRED HEART LEAGUE is continually increasing and now nearly embraces the entire student body.

DARKTOWN MINSTREL CO: Probably the most popular society at the College is the Minstrel Co. As it was attended with such success last year the old members thought it well to reorganize. This they did and Rev. Father Bonaventure was chosen director, and Messrs. E. Cullen and O. Holschneider, manager and assistant manager respectively. The Minstrel will throughout the ensuing year present a series of entertainments on an elaborate scale, with a carload of new sceneries, costumes, songs, and gags accompanied with a lot of catchy music. Among the old favorites still remaining are: Messrs. E. Cullen, O. Holschneider, J. Wessel, J. Mutch, C. Peters, A. Bremerkamp, and W. Arnold.

THE MILITARY and the ST. STANISLAUS READING CIRCLE have not yet been organized.



LOCALS.

What about the smiling faces (phases) of the year 98-99?

When we stroll through the woods at this season and see the flocks of migratory birds ready for a journey to the South, we cannot help being reminded of our own body of students assembled here to start a spiritual tour, the goal of which shall be the sunny heights of knowledge and culture.

Further triumphs of Natural Philosophy. Cyril on seeing a tree split from top to bottom by lightning called the whole philosophy class to the woods and in their presence solemnly declared that the spark had not rent but enlightened his mind and so he had come to the conclusion that by placing lightning rods on stumps, the lightning would not strike the rod, but the stump and split it. Great many students are supporting this theory.

V. Muinch has a nice little dog, and for what reason? Suppose he is not able to watch the Minims properly himself.

Considerable improvements have been made on the lawns skirting the College, and the pond has been made deeper. The water is now clear so that you could count the fish playing among the pebbles at the bottom. Some faint-hearted students do not believe in this improvement, saying that somebody might now drown more easily,

but some one has consoled them, saying that for his part he'd rather drown in clear than in muddy water.

The Minim Building, oh, how homely it looks! Frescoed from the foundation to the roof according to the newest styles; the windows furnished with automatic curtains; the whole house supplied with commodities of various description; and yet nobody wishes to be considered a Minim.

Do not believe that F. Ersing is a Freemason because he had wooden arches to support him when he built the grotto. To be a free-mason you must build air-castles.

Cantus says, his class is oversetting Homer.

On the fifteenth of September the College Military Band was newly organized under the leadership of our music professor Charles Hemmersbach. At present Euterpe may frown at new accords and combinations of sounds, but soon her contracted brow will smoothen, and through glittering tears of joy she will lavish her smiles upon us. Our able professor does his best to bring the band to the high mark of reputation which it had reached three years ago, when he with his baton held in control the youthful ardor of the musicians. Who does not remember those times? It lies with the bandmembers to bring them back.

One of the secular students has a very lofty forehead. That was the reason why he came to the stationery and asked for a sky-piece instead of an eye-shade.

We are glad to state that our college library is steadily increasing. This summer about a thou-

sand volumes have been added. The most valuable among these are several complete editions of English and American authors, as; Faber's, Dickens' and Scott's works. The students of general history will also find excellent books for reference.

Come to the fruit stand at south east corner of the grove. Always freshly supplied with melons. Don't miss it.

It is with the deepest regret that we mention the departure of our beloved professors P. Fridolin Schneider and P. Joseph Sailer. Called by obedience to other fields of labor we wish them the greatest success in the noble work of saving souls.

P. Bonaventure, the Prefect and Spiritual Director of the Minims, is now the Spiritual Director of all the secular students. The grief of the little crew was entirely drowned by the outbursts of joy from the older students at his advent in the main building. They have chosen the best part.

You have surely heard of the Columbian, the paper edited monthly by the Columbian Literary Society in behalf of its members. Its present staff composed of Messers. Uphaus, Mutch, and Mohr, revolve in their mind a plan to metamorphose this periodical into a first class Catholic Daily. Mr. Mohr contributes much, Mr. Mutch contributes more, and Mr. Uphaus writes the most, much more so since he is the manager of the whole. Contributions from outside are also solicited.

In the same measure as Mr. Deininger is a dic-

tionary of synonyms so Mr. Saurer is a radiator of classical phrases.

On a cold and frosty morn
When flesh and spirit battle,
And the latter is forlorn
On a cold and frosty morn
As sweet as an elfin horn
Is the radiator's rattle
When the flesh and spirit battle
On a cold and frosty morn.

"How inspiring these mellow autumn evenings be", quoth the lover of the stars, and then he lifted in a fine rich voice the beautiful old song, beginning, "The young May moon is beaming love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming love." From away across the wood came in answer abundance Peter's bull-frog baritone in that pathetic lullaby "Will I ever see my mother's lap again?"

Howard is initiating all comers into the secret sweets of dancing. Arnold is sufficiently advanced to discriminate between a two-step and a hay-stack. "Tub" despairs of success. The hootchy-kootchy came natural to him, but after that it was all off.

The vacancies in the Faculty caused by the departure of Fathers Fridolin and Joseph are filled by the two able men, Father Philip Hartmann and Charles Notheis. May their work be blessed and crowned with success.

On the eighth of September, the beginning of school, a solemn High-Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Boniface Russ, the newly elected Provincial of the Community of the Most Precious Blood. He was assisted by Father Marcus,

and Father Eugene as deacon and subdeacon respectively.

Everybody recreating himself in the beautiful little grove in the rear of the College buildings will doubtlessly remember Mr. F. Ersing as the promoter, architect, and conductor of the little building now the chief attraction for the students. A grotto has namely been built on the choicest spot of the grove. Long since projects had been made by students and members of the Faculty, but finally all responded to Mr. Ersing's persevering endeavors and put in their share. The grotto, situated at the south end of the grove, encircled by a few sturdy oaks spreading out their enormous limbs for protection and cooling shade. With arched walls of unhewn rock, (niggerheads) it resembles a natural hollow in solid stone. The statue of the Blessed Virgin is to stand upon a protruding rock, over-grown with a rose-bush. At her feet murmurs a spring of fresh limpid water working its way through a variety of colored slabs and pebbles. At the side of the little stream kneels the astonished shepherd girl Bernardette looking at the vision. Below the bank on which these things are found is a place for visitors to the sacred spot. A kneeling bench rests on a floor of smooth cement. Nice gravel walks lead to the spot. Many a one, after a weary day's work, shall feel himself refreshed, when at the foot of the Blessed Mother he lays bare his heart in prayer and through the rustling leaves she in return whispers consolation and interior peace. May the Blessed Lady ever be honored in this place by her faithful children.

ATHLETICS.

Never in the history of St. Joseph's was there such an interest and enthusiasm displayed for outdoor, health-giving sports as is shown this year; and material is not wanting, "the spirit is not only willing, but the flesh is strong." If the predictions of those who are capable of judging can be relied upon, there will be some startling developments before the termination of the scholastic year.

But it is owing to the efforts of our kind Prefect, Rev. Father Bonaventure that clubs were organized and affairs formed into some definite shape. About a week after the boys returned to college, the Rev. Father called a mass meeting in the St. Aquino Hall and the result is here appended.

HAND-BALL CLUB.

After a long period of idleness the alley will again present a scene of activity. This is quite an interesting game and is being taken advantage of by many. The alley will be repaired and a good, solid floor put down.

BOWLING CLUB.

The bowling alley will also be repaired and put in fine shape. The lovers of this sport will have certain hours when they will have exclusive use of the alley. This is about the only indoor exercise we have and formerly it was greatly indulged in by both Faculty and students, but later it seemed to lose interest for all. The club numbers twenty-four members and is divided off into

three divisions, as follow: Capt. Mutch, Messrs. F. Kuenle, W. Hordeman, E. Ley, B. Recker, C. Uphaus, G. Diefenbach and O. Holtschneider. Second Division: Capt. Horstman, Messrs. J. Keilman, W. Keilman, B. Nowak, L. Holtschneider, J. Trentman, A. McGill and C. Diemer. Third division: Capt. Garity, Messrs. A. Kamm, C. Hemsteger, A. Schlaechter, T. Ehinger, L. Wagner, O. Bremerkamp, and W. Flaherty.

TENNIS CLUB.

Although some civil engineering was necessary to disclose the boundaries of the former court on account of an overgrowth of weeds the boys now have it in first rate condition; with the addition of this one, Collegeville boasts of no less than four first class tennis courts. Although the season is far advanced, yet the organization will continue to exist next Spring. There are few games that equal this for amusement and exercise at the same time. The Club now counts sixteen members.

BASE BALL.

The national sport has always been a favorite game at St. Joseph's and the prospects are that it will continue to be so, at least for this year. Although affairs did not seem very promising at the beginning the result of the first game proved the teams to be fairly matched. The first game was played Sunday, Sept. 11, between the students of St. Aquino Hall and those of St. Xavier Hall.

St. Aquino Hall.

Holtschneider,

Fralich,

r. field

l. field

St. Xavier Hall.

Smith,

Keyes,

Peters,	c. field	Schneider,
Wessel,	2nd base	Hoch,
O. Bremerkamp,	3rd base	Saurer
Arnold,	short stop	Kanney,
Ley,	1st base	Stolz,
Travers,	pitcher	Kramer,
A. Bremerkamp,	catcher	Bellerson.

Special features were: Home runs and good umpiring (?). Score 16-15 in favor of St. Aquino Hall. The second game played Sept. 18, resulted in favor of the St. Xavier boys by a score of 26-14.

FOOT-BALL.

The gridiron will again be the scene of many and hotly contested games. It required considerable work to organize two teams, especially, of the newcomers, who have the idea that foot-ball is a game of cripple and kill; they have visions of bandages, surgical instruments, and stretchers before their eyes, and this naturally makes them timid about seeking pleasure at the risk of such consequences. But in spite of this enough "heroes" who are willing to sacrifice a leg or an arm to perpetuate so grand a sport have been obtained to complete two teams; both of the St. Aquino Hall. At a meeting held by the organization, Travers and Arnold were chosen Captains, who in turn selected their respective teams as follows:

Shenk,	r. end	Horstman,
Diefenbach,	l. end	Trentman,
Steinbrunner,	r. tackle	O. Bremerkamp,
Nowak,	l. tackle	McGill,
Hordeman,	r. guard	Meyer,
Ley,	l. guard	Seroczynski,
Wellman,	centre	Peters,
Holtschneider,	quarter	Fralich,

VanFlandern,	r. h. back	Capt. Arnold,
A. Bremerkamp,	l. h. back	Wessel,
Capt. Travers,	full back	Cullen,

Both teams are now practicing daily. The first game is scheduled for October 16, at least not later.

A CARD OF THANKS.

The Athletic Association as a body wish to thank Rev. Father Bonaventure, and the Faculty in general, for the pains that are being taken to make it pleasant for the students. Father Clement has also our special thanks for going to Chicago to purchase for the organization foot-balls, tennis-sets, base-ball bats, etc.

The organization is making out a program for Columbus day which will be set aside for field sports and it promises to be an interesting one.

WILLIAM ARNOLD, '01.

HONORARY MENTION.

Under this heading appear the names of the Students who distinguished themselves for conduct and application during the month of September, 1898.

AQUINO HALL.

F. Kuenle,
F. Seroczynski,
T. Travers,
E. Ley,
W. Hordeman,
W. Arnold,
J. Mutch,
C. Rohrkemper,
C. Uphaus,
H. Horstman,
E. Werling,
B. Recker,
P. Biegel,
O. Holtschneider,
A. Bremerkamp,
H. Plas,
J. Seitz,
J. Meyer,
E. Cullen,
H. Wellman,
C. Peters,
F. Theobald,
L. Walther,
F. Garity,

XAVIER HALL

T. Brackmann,
D. Brackmann,
E. Deininger,
V. Krull,
I. Rapp,
V. Schuette,
C. Faist,
P. Staiert,
L. Lintz,
S. Mayer,
D. Neuschwanger,
E. Hefele,
H. Seiferle,
C. Miller,
H. Luke,
B. Staiert,
M. Koester,
B. Holler,
R. Monin,
S. Hartmann,
S. Kremer,
A. Lamotte,
X. Jaeger;
L. Huber,

J. Steinbrunner,
W. Keilman,
A. McGill,
J. Wessel,
H. Muhler,
L. Holtschneider,
A. Schlaechter,
W. Luking,
T. Ehinger,
A. Kamm,
C. Rohrkemper,
L. Dabbelt,
M. Schwieterman,
W. Flaherty,
F. Wagner,
B. Horstman,
L. Wagner,
L. Tansey,
J. Naughton,
C. Hils,
A. Junk,
F. Birren.

E. Flaig,
A. Schuette,
L. Hoch,
M. Schmitter,
B. Scherzinger,
D. Hammon,
A. Koenig,
C. Grube,
I. Wagner,
F. Steinbrunner,
R. Reinick,
A. Rainer,
F. Didier,
B. Alt,
I. Tobe,
M. Kursch,
H. Knapke.